

Life

FEMININE NUMBER



CARL
PRICE

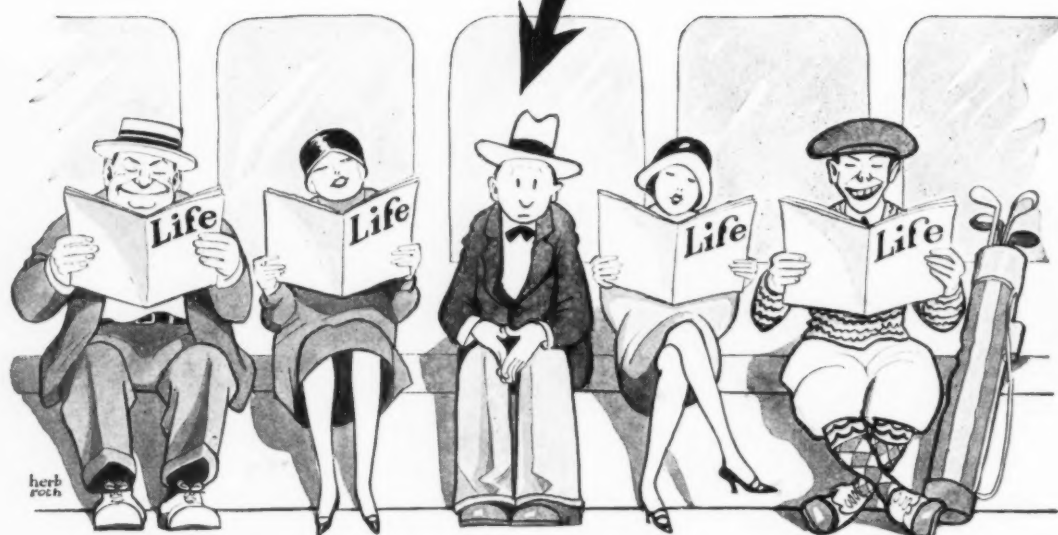
AUGUST 27 1925

JACK AND JILL

PRICE 15 CENTS

4 OUT OF 5 HAVE IT

CHARTER MEMBER
OF THE
LONESOME CLUB



AND it's four to one that the only non-reading member of the group never gets any fun out of life anyway. More to be pitied than scorned is the man who never learned to read LIFE *regularly*.

By *regularly*, we mean just that. You have to read LIFE regularly to get the full benefit of the treatment. For your own good, try going on a regular LIFE diet.

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Our Special Offer below gives you a chance to become a regular LIFE reader for ten weeks. It costs you only a dollar. We

are willing to make this concession because when you have read LIFE regularly for ten weeks you will become a reader of LIFE for Life

SPECIAL OFFER

LIFE

598 Madison Ave.
New York, N. Y.

Please send me LIFE
for Ten Weeks, for
which I enclose One
Dollar (Canadian, \$1.20;
Foreign, \$1.40).

387

By the Year, \$5.00 (Canadian, \$5.80; Foreign, \$6.60)

Bulletin

The great

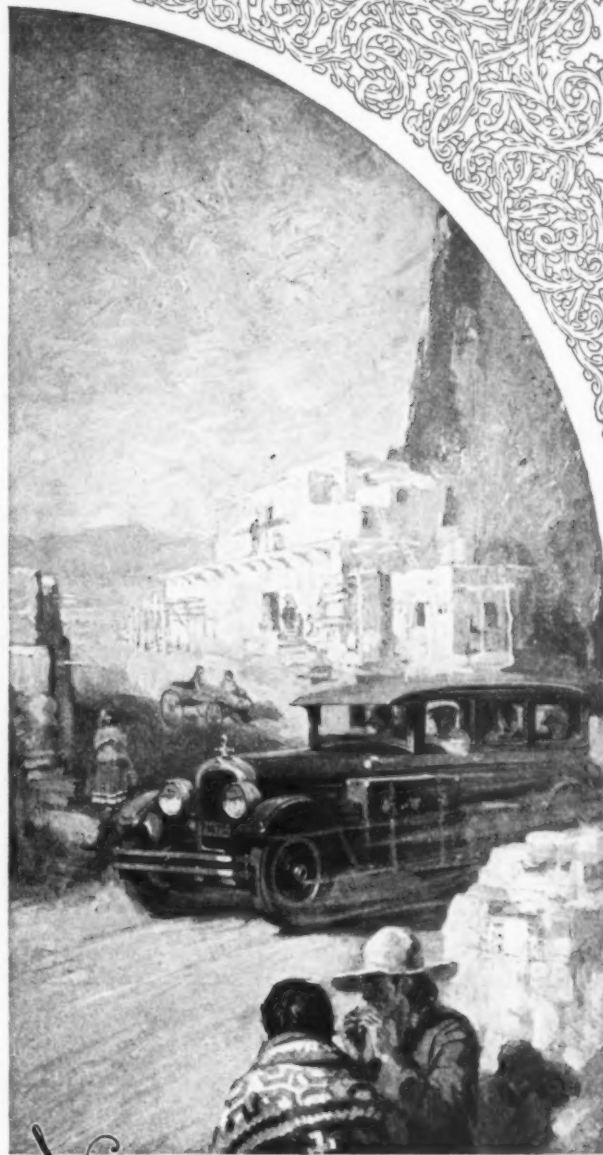
BURLESQUE NUMBER

(our Glorious Fourth)

will be published September 10th. Don't Miss It!

Obey That Impulse!

The NEW MARMON
"It's a Great Automobile"



NEWPORT OR NEW MEXICO
—it's all the same to a Marmon

THE NEW MARMON is available in a wide variety of body styles, all mounted on the famous, durable, matchlessly performing Marmon chassis of 136-inch wheelbase. Complete line of standard closed cars *at practically open car price*, including the New Victoria Coupe, for four passengers, recently announced. *Also* comprehensive selection of De Luxe Closed Models, permitting intimate expression of personal tastes.

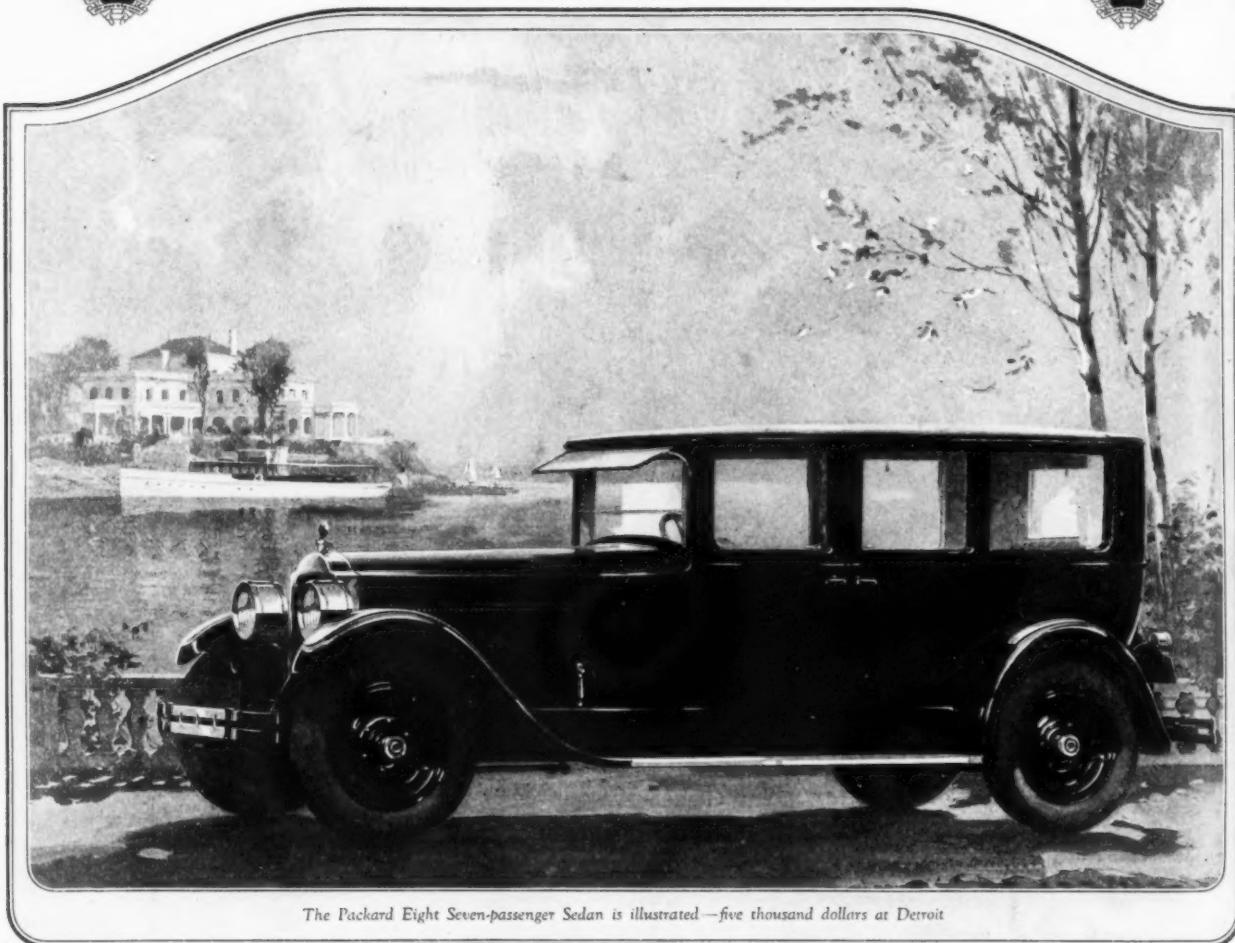
Open Cars, \$3165. Closed Cars, \$3295 to \$3975. All prices f. o. b. Indianapolis, exclusive of tax

ONLY MARMON PROVIDES MAXIMUM BUILT-IN SAFETY

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ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



The Packard Eight Seven-passenger Sedan is illustrated—five thousand dollars at Detroit

Your Choice of Color and Upholstery

Although few would think of changing the grace of line of the Packard Eight, there are many who desire to express their own ideas in color and upholstery.

For these Packard offers two options.

First—to select from numerous combinations, artistically created and ready for early delivery.

Second—to specify anything obtain-

able in beautiful colors and fine fabrics, with due allowance for the time necessary to produce.

Packard feels complimented that the great majority are pleased to take the Packard Eight in standard paint and trim but realizes there are always those who want the unusual.

These, every Packard man stands ready to serve.

Packard Six and Packard Eight both are furnished in ten body types, four open and six enclosed. Packard distributors and dealers welcome the buyer who prefers to purchase his Packard out of income instead of capital.

PACKARD

Life

Lines Inspired by What the Public Wants

TEN thousand times ten thousand strong.

The saints have scaled their lighted stairway

Without disturbing much or long

The surface of our mental fairway;

Whilst several sinners, doomed to walk

The pitfall paths of purgatory,

Are those of whom we love to talk

And read about in song and story.

Helen and Cleopatra, famed

As much as any matrons *could* be—

Well, History has never claimed

Either was better than she *should* be.

Then there's Thaïs, whose morals were

Like those of Jezebel and Jael—

The opera takes its name from *her*,

And not from worthy Athanaël.

"Love virtue, she alone is free,"

Wrote Milton, with precision deadly,

Yet Becky Sharp as company

Was better than Amelia Sedley.

And as for Mrs. Potiphar,

The well-known, also shameless, hussy,

No reader lets her record mar

His interest in her doings, does he?

The noble man (and woman, too)

Whom Horace sings in verse ecstastic

Could meet with an escaping zoo

And need no trusty automatic.

So keep on being good, sweet maid—

Conservative in all your capers,

And you will never be afraid

To open up the morning papers.

Baird Leonard.

The New Magnificence

SMALL Bootleg Magnate: So you're building a new home—a mansion, I hear. What are you going to do with the old house?

BIG BOOTLEG MAGNATE: Throw it away.

FAIRY Story—Once upon a time an oil stock salesman had such a wonderful proposition that he kept it all to himself.

Lessons in New Yorkese

The Birthday Gift

"WHATTA wanta astya Mae shalla gettim aboxa siggaws?"

"Wellats alwis agood presint, Peg. Whakines yafella smoke?"

"You know—thatthere kine witha band."

"Thassa help—thatthere kine witha band. Tabacca achawklit?"

"Dabesa comic. Iastya fahelp noffa vodvil."

"Wellissen all siggaws hasa name ainthey? Whattamean perfunctos or corollas. Chafella callis siggaws?"

"Ithinkits invisibles he callsem. Yeah thassit invisibles."

"Invisibles? Thattainta siggaw! Invisibles issa hairnet. Yafulla stattick. Yabetta slippim acoupla ties."

"Thassa hunch. Tiesis bein done ainthey Mae? Himminme nabbein engaged like Igotta hold meself in. Yeah ties isis respectabil as siggaws ainthey?"

"Sure. An bowties isalla rage. Gettim acoupla snappy bowties."

"Hecant tieno bowties."

"Gettim akine tiedup onna elastic."

"Tiedup onna elastic? Dabe sa fresh! Itsa tearabil problim Mac. Iyaint reely gonno cherce. Iwould liketa gettim bowties Mac. Annen Iwould liketa gettim siggaws."

"Makeup yamine kid. Wegotta socka timeclock in haffa nowa."

"Siggaws is respectabil an...oo Mac willya lookatha salea clush hats!"

"Ibeen lookin attem fafi minnits. Decide willya?"

"Awrite...say ainnem clush hats swell Mae?"

"Yeah. Wassit gonna be siggaws aties?"

"Jussaminnit Mae...awrite Igottit!"

"Yadont say. Wassit gonna be?"

"Im gonna sennim a boitday greet-incard Mae—an blow meself to wun-nanem clush hats!"

Henry William Hanemann.

THE last word in a used car: Damn.



"IF I HAD TO DO IT OVER AGAIN, I'D MARRY FOR MONEY."
"YEZ TOOK THE WOIDS OUTA ME VERY MOUTH, MRS. FINKEY."

Interviewing Some of History's Leading Ladies

MRS. JULIUS CÆSAR: It is a little-known fact, but true, that I wrote Cæsar's Commentaries. I copied them from notes which he made on his cuffs, before I sent them to the laundry.

Mrs. Nero: I am glad to tell you why my husband burned Rome. I had gone out to do some shopping and he hoped I would not escape the fire. Needless to say, I did. Then he burned the house down. Incidentally, if you think his fiddling was bad, you should have heard him play the saxophone.

Eve: The first thing I do in the morning is to apply Durex Spinach and Beet Morning Cream with the tips of my fingers, not rubbing it in as is necessary with an inferior brand. And just before going to bed, I do over my face and arms with "Retain That Scholastic Phiz" Honey and Macaroon Vanishing and Reappearing Cream. I have recommended it to all my girl friends.

Phil Wylie.

HE: After the movies—what?
SHE: An ice-cream soda?



The Eternal Feminine: JUST HOLD THE LINE A MINUTE, DEAR . . .

Lines to Liberty

BY the rude bridge that arched the flood
Two Prohibition agents stood
And halted every motor car
To seek such crimes as never are;
To pry, by national decree,
Where once men died for liberty.

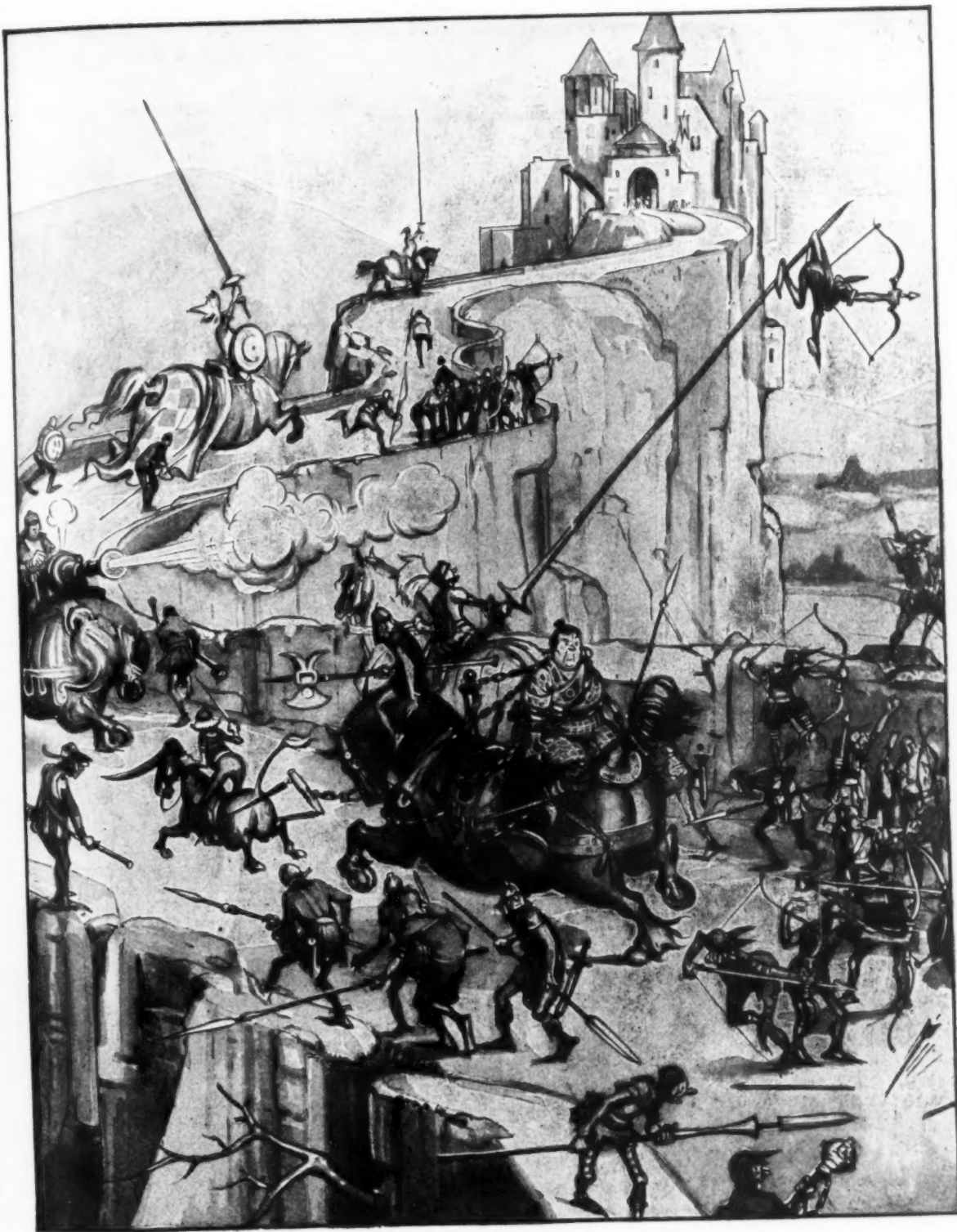
J. K. M.

WHAT has become of the old-fashioned girl who used ink to hide holes in her stockings?

Henry Beetle Hough.



"YES, INDEED, TRAVEL DOES BROADEN ONE. WAS THAT THE DINNER-GONG?"



IN YE GOODE OLDE DAYES
BRYNGYNCE HOME YE COOKE.

Life



Lines

SUMMER—like the majority of those who undertake to swim the English Channel—is almost over.

⌋
A bust of JACK DEMPSEY is to be erected in Berlin. For distinguished services during the war, probably.

"Fighting is JACK's business," says Mrs. DEMPSEY, who really ought to be more careful about letting out these family secrets.

⌋
FRANK D. WATERMAN, the fountain pen manufacturer, is the Republican

candidate for Mayor of New York. His campaign, we imagine, will be based on a plea for more and longer dotted lines.

⌋
In support of the ancient and hopeful belief that common sense will always triumph in the long run comes word from England announcing that Oxford bags will not be worn this season.

⌋
At least the wearers of those Oxford bags must admit they're a terrible flop.

⌋
Prohibition Commissioner HAYNES, under the new régime, will retain office, but is to be "stripped of all his powers." They must be grooming him for the Vice-Presidency.

⌋
An Asbury Park woman, seeking alimony, says she has been obliged to drive a beer truck to support herself and her children. But why any one who drives a beer truck should need alimony is one of those mysteries.

⌋
The trusting faith of childhood receives a stunning shock from the cold-blooded statement of WILLIAM BEEBE that "there isn't any Sargasso Sea."

⌋
President CHURCH of the Carnegie Institute thinks we should "choose our Senators and other legislators with the same care that we choose our stenographers." A good idea, only there is practically no fun in taking a Senator out to lunch.

⌋
A German chemist is said to have invented a process for making liquid coal. American bootleggers are protesting that he stole the secret from them.

⌋
People will burn liquid coal, we suspect, not so much for the heat as for the humidity.

⌋
Mr. COOLIDGE has let it be known that he does not think very highly of the news dispatches sent out from Swampscott, which would seem to make it, as the saying goes, practically unanimous.



Wife: DON'T YOU LOVE TO WATCH THE SUNSET?
Husband: WHAT'S IT DOING NOW?

Twin Bed-time Stories

Mrs. Newleigh Encourages Frankness

SCENE: The bedroom of the Benedict Newleighs. Both have retired.

MRS. NEWLEIGH (after coughing several times): Are you awake, Benedict?

BENEDICT: Might just as well be if you are.

MRS. NEWLEIGH: I've just been wondering whether you thought that new dress I bought was becoming. You know I could still take it back.

BENEDICT (sleepily): 'Course it's becoming. Good night, honey.

MRS. NEWLEIGH: Now don't go to sleep again. I want to know how you really like it.

BENEDICT: I've already told you—fine. Now honestly I need some sleep, dear.

MRS. NEWLEIGH: Benedict, you are so provoking. If you would only tell me how you really liked it, it would be a big help to me. You know I'd like to get things that please you.

BENEDICT: If I did say it didn't please me you'd get sore—think I didn't love you and all that sort of thing. I know.

MRS. NEWLEIGH: It's horrid of you to say that. I wouldn't think of act-

ing that way. Tell me honestly now—how can I ever know, if you don't?

BENEDICT: Well, to tell you the truth, I wasn't crazy about it—too bright a green, for one thing.

MRS. NEWLEIGH (tremulously): I—I knew it. I knew you didn't like it. You never like any of my clothes. I g-guess it's me you don't like and just blame it on my clothes.



VANISHING CREAM

BENEDICT: Now don't be foolish, Leila. I like that dress all right. I was just kidding. Thought you'd let me go to sleep if I said what you were trying to get me to.

MRS. NEWLEIGH (wailing): Oh, no you weren't. I know. Oh, it's too cruel after all these years together. (After an interval of sobs.) T-tell me what kind of dresses you w-would like to have me get.

BENEDICT (cautiously): I don't know.

MRS. NEWLEIGH: You must—now.

BENEDICT: Well, I think something like that blue gown Mrs. Perkins had on to-night at the bridge party would look well on you. (Alarmed at the increased outburst of sobs.) Good heavens—what's the trouble now?

MRS. NEWLEIGH: Y-you've proved you don't love me.

BENEDICT (irritatedly): Well, of all the—

MRS. NEWLEIGH: Mrs. Perkins' dress was exactly like one I had two years ago and you told me repeatedly that you didn't like it. Oh, oh, OH-H-H....

(Now, Benedict, go to sleep if you dare!)

CURTAIN

Tracy Hammond Lewis.

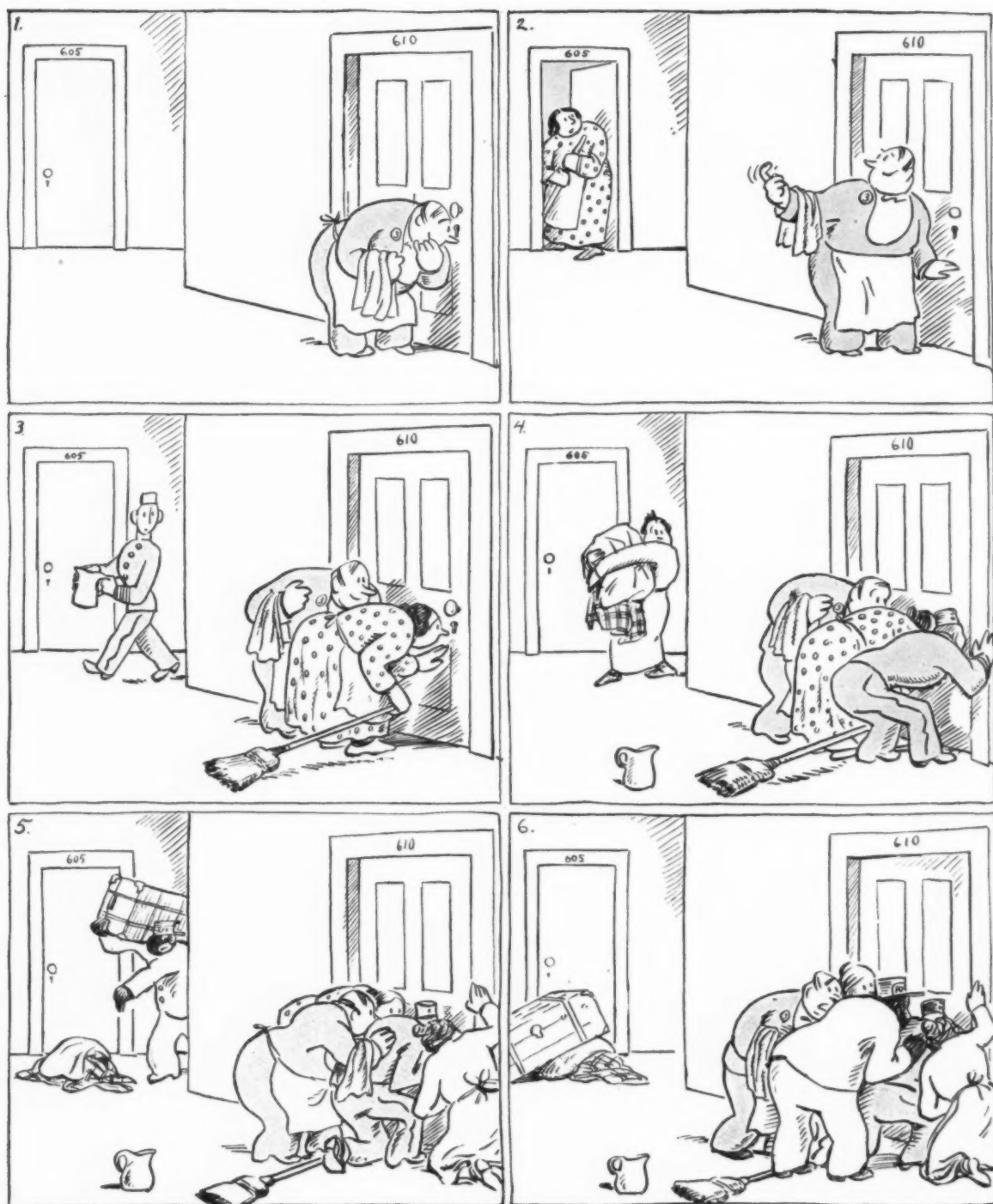
Fast Work

JIM (at the depot): Number 19 was on time to-day.

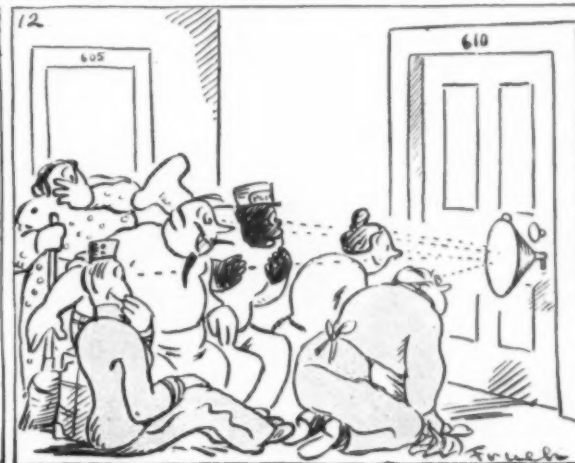
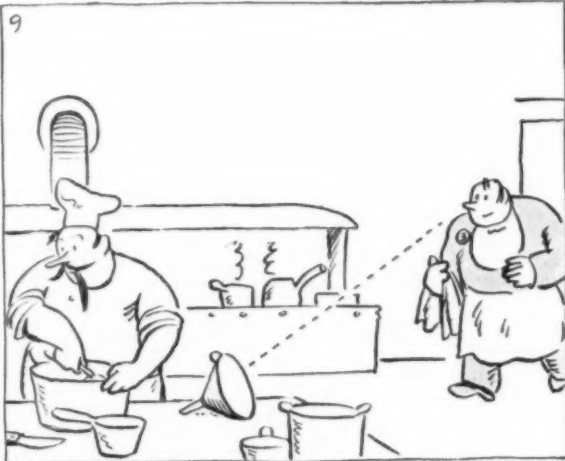
EZRA: Jim, I believe th' world's gone crazy 'bout speed!



The Child: MOTHER, WHEN SHALL I BE GROWN-UP ENOUGH TO HAVE MY HAIR CUT OFF?



All's Well That



Ends Well



AT THE COUNTRY CLUB

A GROUP OF BASHFUL DÉBUTANTES TRYING—OH, SO HARD—TO ELUDE THE HORRID NEWSPAPER PHOTOGRAPHER.

A Man of Convictions

SENATOR T. CASSIUS BLAH, "the Wildcat of Washington," upon arriving in New York on the liner *Supercilia*, cordially greeted the ship news reporters who crowded to his stateroom.

"What do you think of the foreign debt situation?" he was asked.

"There is, of course, much to be said on both sides," replied the Senator firmly and decisively.

"Are the European nations really disarming in compliance with the pact?"

"That is a matter upon which there is room for two opinions," was his deliberate assurance.

"What is the Japanese attitude toward America?"

"In connection with that, I am reminded of a story," said Senator Blah, with a merry twinkle in his eyes. "It seems there were two Irishmen." When the wave of laughter had subsided, he again became grave, and concluded: "And that, gentlemen, is a position from which I shall not recede, come what may."

"Do you find Bolshevism a menace to world peace?"

"We-ell, yes—and again, no. Further than that I do not care to say."

"Do you consider a crisis to be impending in the British Government?"

"I have formulated strong views and will make them public when I consider the proper moment has arrived."

At this moment Mrs. Blah entered the room. "Cassius," she began timidly, "I—I wonder if you would mind if I bobbed my hair when we land. All the women are doing it."

"NEVER!" roared Senator Blah, his face purple with rage. "Have my forty years of teaching and example gone for nought? Does it mean nothing to you that you are the mate of the Wildcat of Washington? 'All the women are doing it,' say you! My God, woman, do you want people to think that you have no mind of your own?"

Tip Bliss.

The Golfer's Shakespeare

"IN a cowslip's bell I lie."—*The Tempest*.

"He must needs go that the devil drives."—*All's Well That Ends Well*.

"I have a kind of alacrity in sinking."—*The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

"That was laid on with a trowel."—*As You Like It*.

"He does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural."—*Twelfth Night*.

"I have seen the day...

through the little hole of discretion."—*Love's Labour's Lost*.

"I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word."—*The Merchant of Venice*.

"In my school-days when I had lost one shaft..."—*Ibid*.

"I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus..."—*King John*.

"O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies

In the small orb..."—*A Lover's Complaint*.

H. W. H.



"SISTERS UNDER THE SKIN"

Letters of a Modern Father

MY DEAR SON:

For a fellow used to driving with the top down you seem to be doing fairly well since you got married, and inasmuch as you now cost me less in fines I should be glad to lend you a thousand dollars, as you request, were it not for one objection. I consider it my duty to remind you now that a man who borrows without expectation of paying lays himself open to the law. So I would be doing you a serious wrong to accept your note for a thousand.

You will recall that when you ran away in your Senior year in college and came back married you told me that you were going to get into the automobile game. Some day I should be interested in knowing the score.

So I shall have to refuse to lend you a thousand, but I am sending your wife a hundred as a gift. A hundred in her hands will last just as long as a thousand in yours.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE FATHER.

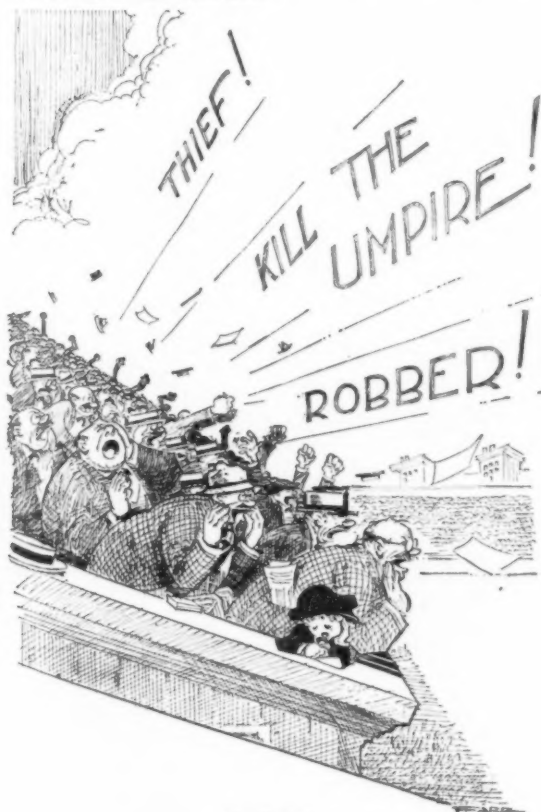
P. S.—If you should happen to get tired of the automobile game I know where you can get a job in a garage.

McC. H.

If Not More

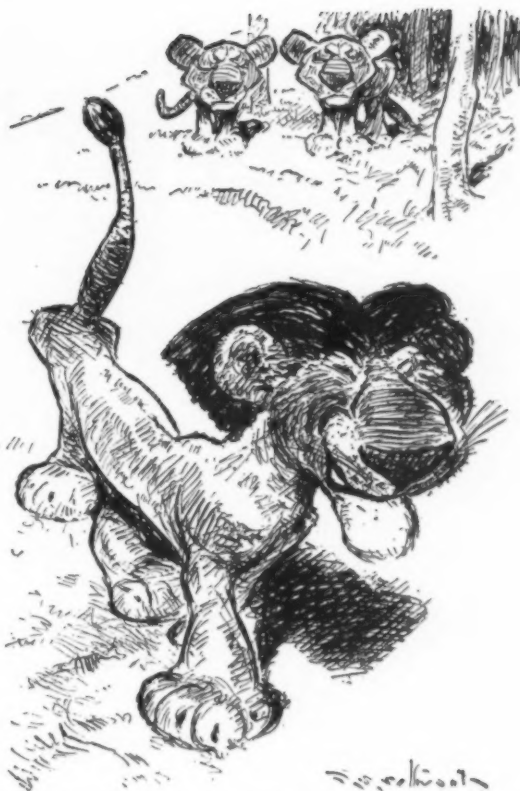
"THAT daughter of mine is crazy to go away to school this fall. How much do you suppose it will cost me?"

"How much have you got?"



PUZZLE:

FIND THE UMPIRE'S LITTLE BROTHER.



"DON'T MEN HAVE THE BEST OF EVERYTHING! THERE, HE'S GONE AND HAD HIS MANE BOBBED!"

Mrs. Pep's Diary

August 20th

An invitation on the first post to visit the Marches on their boat, but the season is now too far advanced to replenish a summer wardrobe, and the older I grow the more do I hold with that old man in Forster's "A Room with a View," who had graven on his armoire, Mistrust all enterprises which require new clothes. Moreover, this is the season when I do most like to be in town, with new pieces at the theatre every night, and all my friends returning from Europe with handsome presents for me. So I did write Molly our regrets, pleading dentist's appointments as an excuse, and I pray that my teeth may not fall out as a punishment for such innocent chicanery. Then to browsing along our bookshelves, taking down this volume and that to refresh my memory, and in Josephine Daskam Bacon's "Truth o' Women," I was struck again by the chance she affords ladies long since dead to defend themselves. Xanthippe, for instance, says that the many who call her shrew never had to live with a demon who asked questions. And Potiphar's wife wants to know why Joseph, a menial Israelitish keeper of accounts, should be credited on no word but his own. At the end of the day I did on my new chiffon evening frock, very chic, pirouetting before the mirror with shameful

(Continued on page 31)



Butterflying

A BUTTERFLY flew in a garden fair
 (As butterflies often do, my dear)
 To a shy young violet blooming there
 (As pretty and sweet as you, my dear),
 And he said: "You're looking blue, my dear—
 Oh, will you, won't you woo, my dear?
 Let me turn the skies
 Of your innocent eyes
 To a delicate purple hue, my dear!"

(So the violet had her day,
 Till the Butterfly fluttered away.)

Though you couldn't call it lying,
 Yet this fact there's no denying:
 When he called her Dear,
 He was not sincere—
 He was only Butterflying!

The Butterfly flew from that shady nook
 To another garden bed, my love.
 Where a rosebud gave him a saucy look
 That went to his wicked head, my love.
 Says he: "You're blushing red, my love—
 Oh, will you, won't you wed, my love?
 Let me win the whole
 Of your beautiful soul,
 Or I may as well be dead, my love!"

(Well, we know what roses are—
 So the Butterfly fluttered afar.)

Though I know what I'm implying,
 You could see without half trying
 That he didn't intend
 To be just Her Friend—
 He was only Butterflying!



The Butterfly left his rose full-blown
 For a lonely mountain height, sweetheart,
 Where a snowy lily bloomed alone
 On a cold, still moonlit night, sweetheart.
 "You're pale and frail and white, sweetheart—
 Oh, live and learn delight, sweetheart!
 For I'm sure that you're
 So perfectly pure
 That whatever you do is right, sweetheart!"

(It's the moral of my song
 That the Butterfly fluttered along.)

When the men come 'round you sighing;
 When they breathe of love undying,
 Never mind what they
 May sigh or say—
 They are only Butterflying!

Brian Hooker.



The Peerless Husband

HE brings home a little candy with the bacon.

He never says: "I wish to heaven we could have some decent coffee in this house!"

He does not sing in the bathtub.

He loves to don his evening clothes.

He can't even *see* a joke on his wife, much less tell it.

He likes all her girlhood friends, and urges her to ask them to meals.

His mother is dead; his father is a millionaire of eighty-two with acute diabetes; he is their only child.

It is not necessary to hint to him about impending anniversaries.

He never repeats his favorite anecdotes.

He never says: "Where did you get that hat?"

He does not snore.

He gets a hearty laugh out of his wife's disastrous adventures with her check-book.

He is extremely lucky at poker, and splits his winnings with his wife.

He pours a second cocktail for her without giving her a long, black look.

He says: "That's all right, darling!" when she fails to lead him the one card by which they could have saved rubber.

When he pauses before a window filled with luscious lingerie, he always brings home a sample of the contents.



THE DESCENT OF WOMAN

He never lets the barber put bay rum or *can vegetale* on him.

He can always get a taxi when it's raining.

He can order a perfect dinner.

His jewelry consists only of studs and sleeve links.

He loves to have her play golf with him, and takes her to all his class reunions.

He doesn't reminisce with old college friends about the time they were

arrested outside Gilfanti's, or the night they motored the baggage master's red-haired daughter to Sunderland Notch.

He is more attentive to his wife than to any other woman in the room.

When he says: "You can get me at the club," he is telling the truth.

When he says: "I'll be home at six," ditto.

He acts promptly when his wife thinks she hears a burglar in the house or is annoyed by a banging door or flapping window-shade.

When his wife says she'll be ready in a minute, he sits down patiently to read a book, instead of standing at the foot of the stairs and bawling at her.

He doesn't mind how many old beaux his wife has to tea or goes out to luncheon with.

He doesn't care how his wife wears her hair.

He doesn't try to get Miami on the radio when something swell is coming through from Vincent Lopez.

* * *

"Where, oh, where can he be?"

Baird Leonard.

Amanuensis

HER flying fingers write; and having writ,

Fly on; nor all your prayers nor caustic wit

Shall move her to decipher half a line,
Or transcribe any single word of it.

R. B.



WOMAN'S WORK IS NEVER DONE



AUGUST 27, 1925

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"While there is Life there's Hope"

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CHARLES DANA GIBSON, *President*

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LANGHORNE GIBSON, *Secretary and Treasurer*



THE coming election for Mayor of New York is a matter of much concern, especially for persons who form a part of the population that is cornered in this district. To beat Hylan is rated as a big job. State Senator Walker, the choice of Tammany in Manhattan to run against him in the primaries, is heartily supported by the *World* and is the political ally of Governor Smith. Besides that, some of the Republicans have named Frank D. Waterman (of the Waterman pen) as their candidate, and Hylan and Hearst are running Hylan, so there's really something doing and plenty to discuss.

As to other topics: coal has not become a critical matter yet. There is a good deal in stock, the weather is still warm, the people who want to coal up can do so without more trouble or expense than usual. England's coal problem is much more serious but the solution of it has been postponed for another six months, at considerable cost to the taxpayers of England. On the whole the postponement, costly as it is, seems to be approved by the British public.

England, or rather, Great Britain, is one of the great steady and interesting subjects for thought wherever people think of the future of the world. Every one who carries on his mind the problem of world peace and the great economic problem of the restoration of trade thinks about England. And in England itself minds are by no means idle. An observer from these shores who writes from London says:

"The sale of great land holdings ow-

ing to the taxes has removed a stabilizing factor in the national life, and the English have got to pack up and live on the move in light marching order for a generation or two. They don't want to, of course, but they have really been too comfortable for a hundred years. When they get used to the increased velocity of existence it won't be so bad. But how people do dread not having any safe haven—whether in religion or politics or science or society! The necessity of throwing away the old preconceptions and actually *thinking* anew on every question that comes up is really, I believe, the basis for the tired and anxious faces in the streets. Even the matches-vendor feels it and is depressed. It was this that Bryan fought against in religion. This is what Harding tried to prevent by his promise of 'back to normalcy.'

"There never was a Golden Age, anyway! You cannot waive truth. You must think and act. And thinking is certainly frightfully irksome."



THIS notion that the English are tired with thinking so hard is interesting and the suggestion that people do not like to be driven out of their old habits of thinking and living, and compelled to take new thoughts about everything, is true, of course. And it was what Bryan fought against, and what Harding tried to prevent. We are going to get our share of insecurity and anxious thinking. In spite of all our advantages of situation, we, too, are living in a new age and cannot

escape the compulsion to think about it. The knowledgeable people who are gathered at Williamstown discuss all these matters and disclose interesting thoughts about them. There is the matter of foreign debts, the difficulty of getting France and other continental countries to fund their debts, and then the problem of what will happen to us if they all begin to pay what they owe us. Dr. Edwin Gay, lately of the *Evening Post*, but now professor of economic history at Harvard, predicts, that as soon as Europe begins to pay its debts to us in goods, "imported goods will be relatively cheaper than they are now, but domestic goods will be higher." That is not a particularly cheerful prospect, but we shall have to take what comes and if the effect is to impress upon us more strongly than ever that it is better to give than to receive, perhaps that knowledge in the end will be worth what it will cost us.

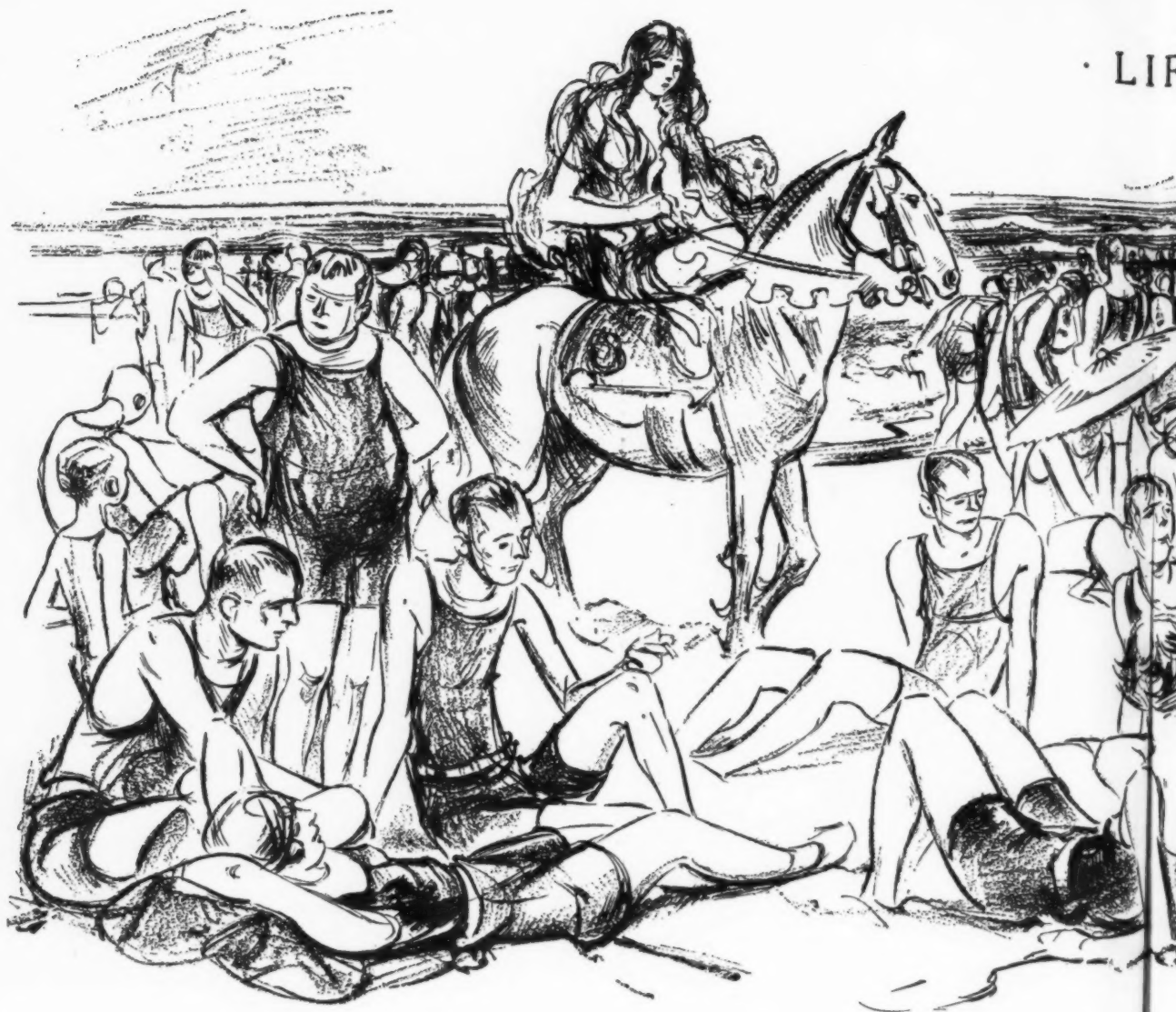


THE most interesting things in the papers are the hold-ups and the extraordinary adventures of girls. The hold-ups are mostly done by very young men. What makes the boys so bad nowadays? What makes the girls so adventurous? Somebody says there are three reasons, one of which is the lack of religious training. If that is one, the other two must be Prohibition and its consequences and the prevalence of motor cars. Add a fourth—the effects of the war on morality and deportment, and probably a fifth contributing influence comes out of the movies.

The hold-ups and their attendant murders and wild escapades through the streets in motor cars, usually stolen, must in some way be stopped. Obviously enough, contemporary training of the young is not good enough. Religion as taught seems not to take hold of conduct in the rising generation. That will improve, Prohibition will probably improve, both by bettering the law and improving the enforcement, and something will be done to mitigate the nuisance of motor cars in bad hands. Meanwhile, however, the homicide rate is scandalous and the day-by-day stories in the newspapers are altogether astonishing.

E. S. Martin.





The Height of Indifference—Lady Godiva Visits Atlantic City

The Mix-up

By Beatrice Herford

SHE: This is the number, darling, and there's a sign, "Apartments to Rent." I rang the bell. The rent will be too high, I expect.

HE: Perhaps that's the janitor fixing that awning up there.

SHE: Do they ever come down?

HE: I'll call him and see.

SHE: Oh, I meant come down in the rent?

HE: My dear, you mix things up so. I'll call to him.

SHE: Oh, I wouldn't, it might startle him and make him fall.

HE: Well, what do you propose to do?

SHE: We could just attract his attention naturally. We could be calling a dog; that wouldn't be anything out of the way.

HE: Except the dog.

SHE (calling): Here, Danny, Danny, Danny—

HE: That'll do, he sees us. (*Calling up.*) We want to look at the apartment.

JANITOR: They don't allow no dogs.

HE: Well, this is no dog. (*The man disappears.*)

SHE: We won't tell him I was pretending; he'll think us such idiots. (*The janitor opens the door.*) It's all right about the dog, we haven't any. We were only calling. I mean he won't come.

JANITOR: Not that it's anything to me, only them's the rules. I like dogs myself. We have one, it belongs to my wife. She was offered one hundred dollars for her. She taught her every kind of trick, but she wouldn't part with her for no money. My wife's like that; you could put a piece of meat on her nose and she wouldn't touch it till you told 'er to.

SHE: We want an apartment, but we don't want to go very high.

JANITOR: 'T
HE: My w
JANITOR: I
(They mix up
SHE: This
JANITOR: Y
HE: I don't
JANITOR: T
HE: That c
JANITOR (qu
or gas
SHE: And w
dear.
JANITOR: Th
SHE: Oh, th
your water w
(To the janitor
chest the
HE: My wif
gives me.)



antic City

JANITOR: This is the second floor, marm.
 HE: My wife means the rent.
 JANITOR: If you'll just step in the elevator I'll show you.
 (They go up to the apartment.)
 SHE: This is a nice large room, darling, so sunny.
 JANITOR: Yes, you get the sun here all day.
 HE: I don't believe we can afford so much sun.
 JANITOR: This is fifteen hundred.
 HE: That can't include the sun!
 JANITOR (quite matter-of-fact): Yes, but not electricity
 or gas.
 SHE: And we must be sure there's room for your mother,
 dear.
 JANITOR: There's only that one bedroom, marm.
 SHE: Oh, that's all right, it's for standing her. I think
 your mother would go under these ceilings, don't you, dear?
 (To the janitor.) You see, we have to keep her on the ice-
 chest, the pantry ceiling is higher.
 HE: My wife refers to my mother's bust. (The janitor
 gives a look.)

SHE: She's coming North this fall, and we'd hate to have her see where she is, that's why I want to see where she'll go.

HE: Darling, you are priceless.

SHE: I wish the apartment was. Fifteen hundred is more than we meant to pay.

HE: No one ever pays what they meant to.

SHE: We'd better think it over, darling. (They go towards the elevator.)

JANITOR: You won't get a sunnier place.

SHE: Oh, we like the sun, if we could afford it. (They go out, and the janitor returns to his awning, looking down at them with disdainful suspicion.)

SHE (looking up at the janitor as they cross the street): It's just what we wanted. It's too bad we brought him down, but we didn't know it was so high. They are going up all the time. I suppose they never come down, do they?

HE: Are you talking about janitors or about rents? You know you mix things up so—dear.



"SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER"

SHE (peevish): You used to say you loved the way I mixed things up.

HE: I do love it, darling. I hope you'll always do it.

(She does.)

Unnatural

WIFE: Anything go wrong to-day?
 HUSBAND: Nothing. That's what worries me.



"OH, DEAR, I DID SO WANT TO PLAY GOLF TO-DAY AND I SIMPLY CANNOT FIND THE SCARF FOR THIS OUTFIT."



Budapest Letter

Budapest, July 26th

(that would be about eight cents in American money).

JUST at present, there are more Hungarian plays in New York than there are in Budapest. The big show here is "Charley nénje," or, as we used to call it, "Charley's Aunt." The chief item of interest connected with "Charley nénje" is that the role of Stephen Spittigue, who is, take it from the program, a genuine "oxfordi ügyvéd," is played by Z. Molnár L. You will recognize Molnár as an old New York name. Tóth Böske is also in the cast.



WHEN names mean as little as they do in Budapest, the best way for the theatregoer is just to drop in at something he sees open and take a chance. You have your choice of "A nóta vége," "A kék madár," "Nyári kabaré" (this is at the Vígsház, in case you lose your way and have to ask), "Régi jó Budapest!" (that last word means "Budapest," the name of the town), or, if you are just tired and want relaxation, "Az Apolló-Színház vendégjátéka." So you see, it doesn't make much difference what you choose. You can't win.



AS the program contains the names and casts of every play in town (evidently some local Shuberts control the whole system), there is no way of telling the name of the play you are witnessing. It gives you something to do during the performance, to check up and see if you can guess.

In the one we saw the first night, a man came in very excitedly and said to his wife (it *must* have been his wife) that "munkatarsaimnak pedig hódolat es halat!" She just laughed at this, as well she might. Infuriated, he hung up his hat and began to eat. Then the landlord, or perhaps the train-conductor, came through and evidently threw a bomb-shell into the household by saying that he was somebody's brother (*sombodig broder*). This was enough

to end the first act. (We had arrived late.) The second act we saw in another theatre.

THERE was music in this act. In fact, the whole thing turned out to be a musical comedy. There is one good thing about musical comedies; they are the same in every country. Without knowing a word of Hungarian, we knew exactly what was going on, because we had seen it going on in American musical comedy ever since we were a tiny, tiny boy.

The scene was, as usual, in a modiste's shop, with people passing by on the sidewalk against the back-drop. Every third one would enter the shop, flirt with one of the girls, find that his wife was in the next room trying on a gown, and then sing a song. The funny man was the porter and was in love with the French maid. He sat on a hat-box with her and sang a song about "mindenekelott szottan," which meant that he had some idea of finding a cozy nook beside some babbling brook and building a little bungalow for just me and you (*jostv meg a jo*). Then the girls came in and laughed heartily in Hungarian and there was a finale.



HAVING had enough gaiety, we ended the evening at a play in which no one character had any connection with any of the others. They all went right ahead and seemed to be trying to see who could finish first. The doctor's wife went to the window and let in a little fellow, who went to the cupboard and took out a general. The general was an exceedingly likeable man who went right off and never appeared again. This gave a girl in white a chance to say something to a friend of hers who was downstairs and all seven of them began writing. Just before the curtain came down, it turned out that he was really the son of the mill-owner and that he had been posing as a postman only to see if she really loved him for himself and not for his money. We couldn't find the name of the author on the program, but we think it was Ring Lardner.

Robert Benchley.





Sippy

A NICKEL A DAY KEEPS THE ITALIAN AWAY.



THE GAY NINETIES

AN UP-TO-THE-MINUTE DINING-ROOM IN THE "NINETIES," SHOWING THE OLD-FASHIONED MAID-OF-ALL-WORK. HULDA NEVER COULD QUITE BE BROKEN OF THE HABIT OF LAUGHING UPROARIOUSLY AT THE JOKES OF THE GUESTS —BUT SHE WOULD WASH THE WINDOWS, TEND THE FURNACE, DO THE FAMILY WASH AND CUT THE LAWN IN ADDITION TO THE REGULAR HOUSEWORK, ALL FOR TWELVE DOLLARS A MONTH. AND SHE STAYED IN THE SAME FAMILY FOR YEARS AND YEARS.

Why Newspaper Men Favor Lynchings

"WELL, well, well, so you're a newspaper man, eh? Used to be a newspaper man myself once. Oh, it wasn't much. When I was in high school I took classified ads one summer for the Canary Crossroads *Clarion*."

"Oh, Mr. Wham, I think newspaper work must be *awfully* fascinating. Do you know David Belasco? My friends have always told me that if I had any influence at *all*—just an introduction to him, you know—I'd have a splendid chance to become a great—this is what my friends say, you know—actress. Do you know Mr. Belasco?"

"DEAR MR. WHAM: I am writing this to introduce my nephew, Horace, who is *so* anxious to go into newspaper work. He wrote the prize theme of his class, 'My Experiences on My Summer Vacation,' and Miss Meddlebury, his teacher, said she believed his career lay in writing. Noth-

ing very *big* to start with, you know, just a 'cub reporter' or 'printer's devil' or whatever you call them."

"Say, Bill, I got a friend come to town and she's never seen a fight, see? So I thought you, with your pull, could fix us up with ringside seats at the big bout to-night. Of course, we'd *pay* for the tickets, if necessary."

"Oh, no, *you* never ring in on any side graft, *you* don't! Say, feller, I wish I had *your* chances. Say, Jerry, here's a newspaper feller says he don't ever ring in on any side graft. Ha, ha, ha!"

Tip Bliss.

Gyrational

O'WHIRL: When I woke up this morning I found all the bedclothes wound tightly around me.

O'FUDGE: My, you must have slept like a top.

Milady's Choice

Or, Sartor, Re-sort Us

JOHNNIE'S suits are dainty things,
Hued with subtle overtones,
Though for lovely evening things
He must bow to Wallie Jones;
Robert's shirts have helped to make him
Foremost of the younger petters;
Yet for one I'd soon forsake him—
Cyril wears the sweetest sweaters.

Howard's ties are simply dreams,
Scintillant with shades chromatic;
Freddie's golfing sox are screams
(All his tastes are quite erratic)
For they're just a quiet dun,
Not the sort for real go-getters.
All my beaux must yield to one—
Cyril wears the sweetest sweaters.

Stunning checks in rose and blue,
Stripes and streaks of green and yellow,
Tiers of fancy figures, too—
Isn't he the darling fellow?
Once men dressed so solemnly;
Oh, I'm glad they broke their fetters!
All my heart is singing free,
Cyril wears the sweetest sweaters.

J. B. Barry.

You Can't Have Everything

"I HEAR you and your wife are going to buy a home."
"No; we've given it up for this year. She decided
she'd rather go to a couple of football games instead."

THE man who conceived the idea of putting telephone
booths on subway platforms is now working on a plan
to utilize the vacant spaces in boiler factories by fitting
them up with rest rooms for nervous wrecks.



*Fond Father: I WONDER IF SHE'LL EVER HAVE TO WALK HOME FROM AN
AUTOMOBILE RIDE.*



"BILLIE HAS ONLY ONE FEMININE TRAIT LEFT. SHE WILL
POWDER HER NOSE."

Time Deposits

"YOU might as well go and have your hair cut and
curled after lunch," remarked Samuel Tilden Simmons,
the well-known realtor, to his stenographer. "I won't be
back for three or four hours because I have to go to the
bank to make a deposit. I've gotten to the receiving teller's
window in less than an hour three times this year, but I
can't count on such luck every time."

"It's no trouble for me to make money these days, but
I have a lot of trouble getting the bank to take it. I have
to spend as much time in line as my wife does when she
goes to the New Paradise Theatre."

"Over at the First, Second and Third National they
have a vice-president whose title is 'Business Getter.' I
suppose they figure he offsets the work
of the business losers. Of course,
standing in line to make deposits is
good practice. It teaches a fellow to
be patient so that when he tries to
make a loan from the bank he doesn't
get tired waiting for his answer."

McCready Huston.

To Keep in Trim!

HANNAH: What fo' yo'-all readin'
dat book on Physical Culture,
honey?

MANDY: Ah's int'rested, Ah is.
Soon's Ah gits mah washin' done, Ah's
gonna do dem ex'rcises!

TRUTH lies at the bottom of a well
and it is usually brought to the sur-
face with a medicine dropper.



APPLE SAUCE

The Serpent: SEE, I BRING YOU THE APPLE OF THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE. EAT AND KNOW ALL.

The Modern Misses: TAKE IT AWAY, KID. YOU CAN'T TEACH US A THING.

A Young Man's Fancy

SAID a sheik down in Wilmington, Del.:
 "Fate's unkind to our sex, I am wel.
 For the girls wear men's clothes,
 B. V. D.'s and chapeaux;
 But what feminine duds can a fel.?"

The Sleep Producer

"DE WINDT is the greatest bore in this club."
 "Yes; he has a wide circle of nodding acquaintances."

THE man who believes in heredity generally has an unusually smart son.

Selling Centerville The Hundred Percenter Abroad

Paris, Fr.

BUNJURE (good day), Jeff:

Here I am in the *la gay Parcc*, as they say, Jeff, and everything is "jake" again, and the "Mrs." don't refer to that accident I had with the pro-war Scotch whisky in Glasgow more than a couple or maybe 3-4 times a day. I am on the wagon for life, Jeff, or at least I am going to get on when I leave Paris, but everybody here drinks wine and things and there is a old adverb about when you are in Rome you should do like the Romans do, and of course this is not Rome, but it means the same thing.

I have certainly been "cutting up" here, but then, as I always say, a man is only young once, so he might as well have a good time. Well, the first night we got here, the "Mrs." and this Jas. S. Collins's "Mrs." wanted to go to the Opera, but thank G—, the Opera was not running, so what did we do but go to the *Follies Bare Jair* instead. Well, I do not know what "jair" means in French, but I will take their word for it, because everything else in the show was pretty bare. Ha, ha, Jeff!

Well, we could not stay but only about 15 mins., because right after the curtain went up both the "Mrs."s said they had headaches and would have to go right home, and this was after Jas. S. Collins and I had spent a lot of franks on the tickets. So to-night the "Mrs."s are both going to visit with some people at the hotel from Camden, Ohio, and Collins and I are going back to the *Follies Bare Jair* and explain to the man on the door how we did not see but only about 15 mins. of the show before, and maybe he will give us free tickets. I have bought some postal cards, too, Jeff, but "the less said about them the better," and when I come home to Centerville I will show them to you, and they will "knock your eyes out."

Now, Jeff, I wish you would go up to the Chamber of Commerce and tell Prest. Gus that I have been too busy here in Paris to do much about "selling Centerville," like he told me to, and even if I tried to "sell Centerville" to these Fr. people they would not know what I was talking about. And anyway, we want to be pretty exclusive about who we take in at Meadowbrook Extension and the Fr. are nothing but foreigners any way you look at it.

And besides if they came to the Extension and drove



THE FEMININE TOUCH

"GOSH, MARY, WHAT'RE YOU TRYING TO DO? UPSET US?"
"I'M ONLY ROCKING BABY TO SLEEP."



The Wife: THERE! I told YOU NOT TO WEAR THOSE
BALLOON PANTS ON A WINDY DAY.

their cars the way the taxi drivers drive their taxis, why pretty soon everybody would become extinct, because these taxi drivers have all been disappointed in love or something and are trying to commit suicide and they are scared to drive alone. I told that to this Jas. S. Collins, and he said, Well, it don't make any difference to me because I have been disappointed in love, too. So I said, But you are married. And he said, H—, don't I know it. He said, That is the point, and if your brains was a parade it would take them all day to pass a given point. He thinks he is a wise cracker, Jeff.

This week we are going to the battle fields, and then we are going into Switz. and It. and then we are coming home. I guess good old Centerville will not look good to me. That is meant to be sarcastic, Jeff, because it will look good to me, and you will find your old friend has not been spoiled by his long and interesting travels but is just the same good old Democratic hale fellow he always was. It is too bad you could not have come, too, Jeff, but probably you would not know how to appreciate it.

So *oh revore*, which means good-by, and shows I am picking up the language fast.

SAM.

(per Tip Bliss.)

Campus Fairy Story

ONCE there was a college graduate who, when asked what he expected to do, did not say he expected to go into the bond game, the advertising game or the automobile game.



Midsummer Gladness
at
*LIFE'S Camp for Girls,
Branchville, Conn.*

*It's easy enough
to get them in!
But gracious!
They just won't
come out—not
even when it
rains!*



*(In the Oval)
"The Branch-
ville Blues"—
by our private
Harmonica
Orchestra*



"The Boys' Camp can't beat us for patriotism!"



Photographs by James H. Hare

The welcoming road. Hundreds of happy children have trod it. Do turn your car in here some day and call on us

LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund

The Boom!

THE Great Boom is on!

It is on at Branchville, Conn., and at Pottersville, N. J., where LIFE maintains Fresh Air Camps for the children of the poorer districts of the teeming city of New York.

Remember the Klondike! Think of Florida! And Rockaway. Booms are the things that make people rich overnight—or between tennis and tea!

Only a few weeks left for our Great Boom. Don't stay out!

Realize this! Only \$15 a claim!

That gives you the right to send some poor little slum-ridden youngster to the country for two weeks of enchantment.

Thrown in with each claim are—

Brooks to swim in, fields to romp in, bushes that yield mysterious berries, fresh milk "as never gets to the tenements," cool nights, happy days, well-directed play, careful counselling, health-giving food, fairy stories under the trees, and good citizenship, in embryo, under the flag.

Also, such intangible perquisites as song, laughter, rested nerves, gay hearts and the blotting out of horrid memories of the swarming humid streets.

Hundreds of wise people have already bought shares. Write and ask them what they think of it as a proposition in happiness. They'll tell you how it made them feel—rich as Croesus 'round the heart!

The coming weeks are always the hottest of the year. But there's time to send a few more "parties" of small boys and girls to the camps. Don't delay! Steady there! Don't crowd! We'll get you all in on this, ladies and gentlemen!

\$15 buys a fortnight of joy for one child at either of the Camps. Less, or more, buys according to the way you feel you can invest at the moment!

If you missed the gold rushes or the big land booms, here's your chance to Get a real thrill!

* * *

Previously acknowledged.....	\$20,808.18
R. H. Thompson, Jr., Ft. Wadsworth, N. Y.....	10.00
Mrs. E. J. D. Mt. Vernon, N. Y.	20.00
Sherman Chickering, Piedmont, Calif.....	5.00
Barney Google, Bisbee, Ariz.....	5.00
The Students and Faculty of Monticello Seminary.....	15.00
Cash, White Plains, N. Y.....	5.00

(Continued on page 32)



SCOTLAND DECIDES TO SET AN EXAMPLE OF MODESTY

Achievement

JARKS (*proudly*): My baby boy can say "Candy" whenever he sees a store now.

SPARKS: Shucks; mine says "Filler-up" whenever he sees a gas station.

Nubbville Spark

HODDY HEWGILL, who sent off to the city after a mail-order fountain-pen day before yesterday, put down in the "Remarks" space that he was left-handed.



POLITICAL FORECAST

"WHAT DO YOU THINK OF HIM, UNCLE GEORGE?"

"WELL, ER—IT LOOKS AS IF WE WERE GOING TO HAVE A LOP-EARED PRESIDENT."



"Shore Leave"

RICHARD BARTHELMESS hangs up his finest performance in "Shore Leave," for here he departs as far from the shy, shrinking, molested *Tol'able David* type as it is possible to go. He is a swaggering, hard-boiled gob from the U. S. fleet, who breezes into a New England town, breaks the heart of a pathetic little dressmaker, and then saunters off to the next port of call.

Mr. Barthelmess receives able support from Dorothy Mackaill—the whole picture is practically a duologue between these two—and John Robertson's direction is, as always, intelligent and unadorned with superfluous frills.

I'm compelled to retract some of the harsh things I've said about Richard Barthelmess. He may turn into a comedian yet.

"The Unholy Three"

THERE ought to be more melodramas like "The Unholy Three." This is something that the movies can do superlatively well—and something that they do surprisingly seldom. Melodrama, on the screen, is identified almost entirely with fast physical action: cowboys or sheiks or cavalymen riding madly across country, men hanging by their teeth from the ledges of skyscrapers, railroad wrecks, duels, heroines floating on cakes of ice toward waterfalls, and every known form of automobile chase.

There are none of these wild thrills in "The Unholy Three." Like "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," this story maintains an atmosphere of mystery, of suppressed terror, without once resorting to the usual pyrotechnic display. The foul play, of which there is plenty, is cerebral rather than muscular.

The result is a singularly fine picture.

THE unholy three of the title are impersonated by Lon Chaney, Victor McLaglen and Harry Earles, and Mae Busch is their feminine accomplice. They are all excellent—especially Mr. Chaney, who proves again that he can be just as sinister and terrifying without an unusual amount of make-up as he is when distorted into the weird shape of *Quasimodo*.

Tod Browning directed "The Unholy Three" with considerably more regard for the individual scenes than for the story as a whole. Thus, the continuity is not always smooth. But the various episodes are so admirably contrived, and the photography at all times is so perfect, that the occasional breaks are forgivable.



Lon Chaney in "THE UNHOLY THREE"

Although comparisons usually are futile, it seems to me that "The Unholy Three" is the best picture of its kind since "The Miracle Man."

"Sally of the Sawdust"

AMONG the major tragedies of movie history has been the decay of David Wark Griffith. This real pioneer in a new art, who did first what Lubitsch, Ingram, Cruze and the rest have subsequently done better, has gradually descended from the heights to a level of rank mediocrity.

It is not pleasant to think that the man who made "Intolerance" and "Broken Blossoms" could affix his name to anything so utterly bad as "Sally of the Sawdust." And yet, considering Mr. Griffith's recent career, it is not particularly surprising; since 1919, when he presented "Broken Blossoms" to an unappreciative audience, he has been on the down-grade.

"Sally of the Sawdust" is inexcusable. It is absolutely incoherent as to story; its attempts at pathos are illegitimate; its characters—with one exception—are artificial. It is the work of a man who has become so completely soaked with theatrical trumpery that he wouldn't recognize reality if it stepped up and slapped his face.

THE one exception in "Sally of the Sawdust" is provided by W. C. Fields, who manages to inject some of his own matchless comedy, and some of his own human warmth, into this otherwise bloodless story. Carol Dempster, who appears in the title rôle, is still a very unconvincing counterfeit of Lillian Gish.

There is a fine collection of ham sub-titles, all bearing Mr. Griffith's trade-mark, in several of which he comes out boldly for Mother Love.

R. E. Sherwood.

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When the dinner check reads \$16.85 and you have only \$9.26 ... *be nonchalant* ... light a DEITIES CIGARETTE





AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

Comparison

Beware of parsons overnice
Who preach there is no hell;
The saints most relish Paradise
Hearing hot sinners yell.

So lately in the northland we,
Cool in the sparkling air,
Scanned the home papers eagerly,
Hoping 'twas hot "down there."
—Keith Preston, in *Chicago News*.

The Benefit of the Doubt

Tolerance is that extremely rare quality which enables a person to believe that perhaps the dealer really thought the cantaloupe was a good one when he said it was.—*Ohio State Journal*.

"I FEEL sorry for Jim. His wife is dancing all the time."

"Well, she might be shopping."

—*Boston Transcript*.



GERMANY ABROAD

German Tourist: LOOK! A TRAVEL PICTURE OF THE RHINE. WE MUST GO TO-NIGHT AND SEE IT; IT WILL BE A BEAUTIFUL MEMORY OF OUR TRIP TO THE ORIENT.

—*Simplicissimus (Munich)*.

No Wonder

In the middle of a number of solemn-faced young men, whose chatter was perpetual, there stood one who felt himself to be an intruder. After much noisy talk, one of the solemn men turned to him and said:

"And what would you say was the dominant characteristic of Cézanne?"

"Her marvelous footwork on the baseline," said he.

Then, for the first time, a silence fell on the assembly.

—*London Daily Express*.

"Beer Is Thicker than Water"

SCENE: *Australian Port.*

DOCK LOAFER: Mister, just tide us over this cold time—I got a good job ahead o' me.

PASSER-BY: My man, what job can you get?

DOCK LOAFER: Mister, I'm goin' to be one of the beer-guides to the American Fleet.—*Bulletin (Sydney)*.

"Oxford bags" are making their appearance here and there. Here is what hurts.—*Detroit Free Press*.

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PALM BEACH PLAZA BUILDING COUNTY ROAD
NEWPORT AUDRAIN BUILDING 220 BELLEVUE AVENUE



Hostess: I'M SORRY, MR. PUTT, BUT I MUST ASK YOU NOT TO WALK ON OUR HARDWOOD FLOORS IN THOSE HOB-NAILED GOLF SHOES.

"BUT, MY DEAR LADY, YOU WALKED ALL OVER OUR GREENS YESTERDAY IN HIGH-HEELED SLIPPERS."

Among the New Books

Glorious Apollo. By E. Barrington (Dodd, Mead). A novel based on the life of Lord Byron, which was so strange and romantic that no fictionization was necessary. An excellent social picture of the early nineteenth century.

The Monkey Puzzle. By J. D. Beresford (Bobbs-Merrill). A slender story setting forth that if you disregard convention, the world will gossip about you, which, after all, is not news.

Knight at Arms. By H. C. Bailey (Dutton). Carefree and blithesome adventure four hundred and fifty years ago, running true to form by introducing its hero singing on a highway.

The House Without a Key. By Earl Derr Biggers (Bobbs-Merrill). Murder and mystery on the beach at Waikiki.

The Carillon of Scarpa. By Flora Klickmann (Putnam). The royal family of Scarpa take two nouveau-riche Americans as boarders, and then the fun begins.

Thunderstorm. By G. B. Stern (Knopf). The two Italian servants are the outstanding characterizations of the season.

Selwood of Sleepy Cat. By Frank H. Spearman (Scribner). Great open space stuff, with a mounted cowboy on the cover.

The Ancient Highway. By James Oliver Curwood (Cosmopolitan). Well, at least he's shifted the scenery to Quebec.

Evolution for John Doe. By Henshaw Ward (Bobbs-Merrill). An account of the theory of evolution which may help some of us to a knowledge of what it's all about. Illustrated.

The Chrysalis of Romance. By Inez G. Howard (The Los Angeles Times-Mirror Press). A little book of papers, one of which is entitled, "Kindliness Is the Keynote of Character."

Caravan. By John Galsworthy (Scribner). All the short stories which the author wrote between 1900 and 1923, and oh, how splendid they are!

Children's Funny Sayings. Collected by D. B. Knox (Dutton). And so far as I know, Mr. Knox is still at large.

Bindon Parva. By George A. Birmingham (Bobbs-Merrill). In which the discovery of some murals long hidden in his church inspires a priest to relate fourteen tales of spiritual experience.

James Gibbons Huneker. By Benjamin De Casseres (Joseph Lawren). Sympathetic papers about a man whose writings somebody (H. L. Mencken, I think) called our leading American university.

An Octave. By Jeffery E. Jeffery (Little, Brown). A hectic week in the life of a comfort-loving young man.

The Cheerful Fraud. By K. R. G. Browne (Putnam). Extremely cheerful reading, too.

Week-End. By Charles Brackett (McBride). Applesauce sophistication.

The Great Van Suttart Mystery. By George Agnew Chamberlain (Putnam). It took twenty years to solve it.

Roman Britain. By Marjorie and C. H. B. Quennell (Putnam). The third volume of a series designed to make history interesting to young readers.

Spanish Acres. By Hal G. Evarts (Little, Brown). More romance in the Southwest. B. L.



We tried 130 times

Before we perfected this unique Shaving Cream
Now let us send you a 10-day tube to try

GENTLEMEN;

It is only after great effort that great things are done.

We worked for 18 months perfecting Palmolive Shaving Cream. The 130th formula tested was the first to please us.

We knew we had a tough job before us winning men. Most of you were wedded to a favorite preparation. Outstanding superiority was our only chance. We asked 1000 men their supreme desires in a shaving cream. Then set out to meet them.

We've Won

We met those desires—and more. Millions have flocked to Palmolive Shaving Cream. Today it's the leader in its field.

80 per cent of the men who use it were won from other makes.

You know and we know that such results do not come by chance.

60 years of soap study stand behind this unique creation.

It is different—radically and immeasurably different—from any shaving cream you have ever tried.

5 New Delights

These you'll find—these new shaving joys, these comforts unknown before.

- 1 Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
- 2 Softens the beard in one minute.
- 3 Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
- 4 Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
- 5 The palm and olive oil content leaves the face in fine condition.

10 Shaves Free

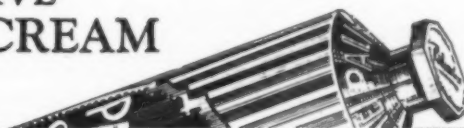
Now in justice to yourself, and in courtesy to us, please accept a 10-day tube free. Give us a chance to prove our claims. Find out for yourself whether your present method is not failing in some important ways.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with tube of Shaving Cream.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), Chicago, Ill.

PALMOLIVE SHAVING CREAM

2910



10 SHAVES FREE and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1044, The Palmolive Company (Del. Corp.), 3702 Iron Street, Chicago, Ill.

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This picture illustrates an extreme case

Is hunger or thirst killing your trees?

Look at the tops of your trees. Are the leaves thin and yellowish? Are they undersized? Are they inclined to turn brownish and curl up? Are the uppermost parts of the trees thinner than the rest? Are there little dead branches showing at the tops of the trees?

These signs are unmistakable evidence of trouble. It is practically certain that such a tree is dying from either hunger or thirst or both. The tree is a living thing. It requires food, and it must have water. Under semi-artificial conditions, the soil is gradually exhausted of its food elements. Such a tree must be fed, for exactly the same reason that a good farmer fertilizes his fields. Get the advice of Davey Tree Surgeons quickly. They are local to you.

THE DAVEY TREE EXPERT CO., INC.

255 City Bank Building, Kent, Ohio

Valuable booklet
sent free
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THE DAVEY TREE
EXPERT CO., Inc., JOHN DAVEY
255 City Bank Bldg., Father of
Kent, Ohio Tree Surgery
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Gentlemen: Please send me your booklet,
"First Aid to Starving Trees."

Name

Street and number

City

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Equatorial Relativity

(The waist-line is creeping up again.)

There is a tide in the affairs of women,
Inconstant as vicissitude of taste,
An ebb and flow I would aspire to hymn
in

A paean on the waist.

There is a barometric glass of fashion
Where anti-cyclones and depressions
show

Mercurial change that marks the ruling
passion

In waistbands high or low.

Both tide and glass, the prophets say, are
rising,

Perchance again to overshoot the norm,
Or, evermore the human lines revising,
To make bad shape good form.

—A. W., in *London Daily Chronicle*.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

All or Nothing!

Of true stories about the late William Jennings Bryan the most characteristic comes to us from a close friend of the family. In 1896, when Mr. Bryan was preparing for his free-silver campaign, he examined a certain politician for a place as committeeman.

"Do you believe in 16 to 1?" asked the Great Commoner.

"Yes, but of course I'm not a damn fool about it."

"Then you're not the man for me!" said Mr. Bryan, closing the interview.

—*Chicago Daily News*.

The Elevator Editor

A colored elevator man in the office of a downtown newspaper was let out last week after ten years of service. One of the editors met him on the corner and remarked that he had missed him.

"What happened to you?" he asked.

"Oh, the newspaper business is all shot to pieces, and I left it flat," explained the lift expert from Harlem.

—*New York Graphic*.

Glass of Soda with tablespoonful Abbott's Bitters a good tonic and palatable. Sample Bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

The Log-Rollers

A professor invited to sit in at a daily luncheon of critics, columnists and dramatists remarked to his host:

"This must be a great place for mutual appreciation."

"Quite the contrary. The appreciation is strictly individual."

—*New York Evening World*.

TEACHER: What is a creditor?

YOUNG PUPIL: A man who must be told that my father is not at home.

—*Humoristické Listy (Prague)*.

Cool Shaves for Hot Days

DON'T start these warm summer days with a burning, smarting skin. Use Ingram's Therapeutic Shaving Cream and enjoy a quick, cool, comfortable shave. Its refreshing after effect lasts all day long.

It takes the wire out of wiry beards and stops shaving irritation.

See how much better you'll look and feel when you use it.

If your druggist cannot supply you send 50c for the blue jar that contains six months of shaving comfort. Or send two cent stamp for sample.

Frederick F. Ingram Co.

Established 1885

1438 Tenth St.
Detroit, Mich.

Also Windsor, Canada

Made particularly
for tender skins



Symptoms

OLD LADY (hard of hearing): Well, I think your Bert ought to see a doctor—comin' out in spots.

THE NIECE: I didn't say 'e come out in spots, aunt. I said 'e come out in spots.

OLD LADY: Well, anyhow, 'e ought to see a doctor.—*Punch*.

"So Casey pleaded not guilty to a charge of fightin'?"

"He did not!" retorted Mrs. Casey proudly. "He pleaded not present."

—*American Legion Weekly*.

FIRST SALESMAN: Are you broke?

SECOND SALESMAN: No. Just out of commission.—*Oklahoma Whirlwind*.

NAUSEA

The nausea of Sea, Train and Car Sickness promptly relieved. Experienced travelers all testify to its positive action. 25 years in use.

75c. & \$1.50 at Drug Stores or direct on receipt of Price

The Mothersill Remedy Co., New York



Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 11)

satisfaction, so taken was I with its temperamental hem line. Lord! I do recall the days when women did stand for hours in order that the sempstress might get their skirts to hang even, whereas now a garment's rise and fall can give odds to that of the Dutch Republic. In the evening to the Garrick Gaieties, a merry entertainment, with burlesques on some of the Theatre Guild's hits as good as any I ever saw.

August 21st Up betimes, and off on a still hunt for a decent brand of coffee, having heard of some in Canal Street. How anybody reared on good Mocha and Java can drink the stuff which has supplanted it in the market is beyond my comprehension, nor can I grasp how housewives will accept as genuine brands which do not smell like coffee whilst cooking. I did think when women got the vote they would attend to such matters as this and the prevention of confectioners from filling chocolates with colored flavors, but Lord! they have proven as apathetic as the men in some of the vital matters. I did find the merchant to whom I had been directed, and entering a lift to descend

Remove All Doubt

BEFORE investing your surplus funds take the precaution against loss by seeking the expert and conservative advice of your local or investment banker, who will gladly serve you.

Eliminate the Loss In Investments

For, after all, good investment opportunities predominate. Caution, Care, Investigation will reveal safe and profitable channels for your surplus funds.

The Financial Article that appears in the October issue of *Harper's Magazine* will help solve your investment problems.

Form the habit of reading the financial article in every issue. You will find them profitable. All advertisements carefully censored.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE
49 East 33rd Street, New York, N. Y.

BOW LEGS?
Our Garter (pat'd.)
Makes Trousers Hang Straight
If Legs Bend In or Out
Self Adjustable
It Holds Sox Up—Shirt Down
Not a "Form" or "Harness"
No Metal Springs
Free Booklet—Plain Sealed Envelope
THE T. GARTER CO.
Dept. 33 NEW LONDON, NEW HAMP.




FATIGUE

what a whale of a difference just a few cents make

from his shop, I was startled at my reflection in its looking-glass, my hat being at an angle and my nose agleam, and I did wonder as I do always after such a shock, How long have I been looking like this? So out with the vanity case which George Fowler did send me last Christmas in behalf of Mr. Colgate, finding, to my horror, that its little mirror had broken since last I opened it. But forasmuch as I do not know whether I or my servant be responsible, I am not going to greet any seven-years' ill luck halfway. Home in time for luncheon, to which Merci Esmonde did come, telling me of the placid existence she has led since marrying and going to live in Brooklyn, adding, to be strictly honest, I've read the "The Green Hat," of course. ...All the evening over the magazines, reading in one of them that the

corset is coming back. Whereupon I was minded of Antonio's
"You may as well go stand upon the beach
And bid the main flood bate its usual height," etc.,
for I doubt if my sex, after so many years of liberty, will submit to a return of imprisonment.

Baird Leonard.

Unalluring

"NOVELTIES for a woman's boudoir dresser," we read in an advertisement, "include puff boxes, perfume bottles, picture frames and trays with filigree metal decorations." But the ultimate novelty would be a woman's boudoir dresser that contained none of these things.



THE BRANCHVILLE "WEIGH"

THE CHILDREN WHO ARE FOUND TO BE UNDERWEIGHT GET AN EXTRA CUP OF RICH, CREAMY MILK EVERY MORNING AT TEN.

Clark's 4 Famous Cruises

By Cunard line, new oil-burners

Jan. 20, Around the World Cruise
westward. 128 days, \$1250 to \$3000.

Jan. 30, Mediterranean Cruise
62 days, \$600 to \$1700.

Feb. 4, South America with Rio
and Buenos Aires; 50 days, \$550 to \$1250.

June 30, 1926, Norway
and Western Mediterranean; 53 days, \$550 to \$1300.

Rates include hotel, drives, guides, fees.
Longest experienced cruise management.
Established 30 years.

F. C. CLARK, Times Bldg., New York

Safe Milk
and Diet
For INFANTS,
Children, Invalids,
Nursing Mothers, etc.
Avoid Imitations

Ask for **Horlick's**
The ORIGINAL
Malted Milk

A Majestic BEAUTY
So enchanting, so
fascinating, it com-
pels the admiration
and homage of all.
A skin and complexion of
unsurpassed beauty you
will be proud to possess.
Made in White - Flesh - Rachel

GOURAUD'S
ORIENTAL CREAM
Send 10c. for Trial Size

Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son, New York City

**No Hair Offends
Where Neet is Used**

Science has solved the problem of removing unwanted hair pleasantly, without discomfort to the skin or complexion. This with NEET, a mild, dainty cream. You merely spread it on and then rinse off with clear water. That's all; smooth and white! Old methods, the unwomanly razor and severe chemical preparations, have given way to this remarkable hair-removing cream which is the accepted method of well-groomed women everywhere. 50c per tube. 35,000 Drug and Dept. stores sell Neet. Money back if it fails to please you.

HANNIBAL PHARMACAL COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, MO.

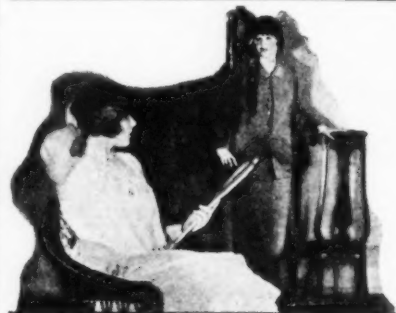
LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund

(Continued from page 25)

Drs. Tom, Dick and Harry, Rome, N. Y.	5.00
F. J. P., Colorado Springs	10.00
A. M. Campbell, Glendale, Calif.	1.00
Ida A. Bedell, Chatham, Mass.	3.00
Ethel M. McIntosh, Plainfield, N. J.	10.00
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C. E. N. Gunnell, Boston, Mass.	25.00
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C. L. Goldthwart, Winchester, Mass.	25.00
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Mrs. W. S. Dinwiddie, Berkeley, Calif.	15.00
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"R. B. G.," Hartford, Conn.	5.00
Bayard Verplanck, Fishkill, N. Y.	10.00
Mrs. James Hartness, Springfield, Vt.	25.00
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F. Huber Hoge, New York	10.00
Woodward Babcock, New York	10.00
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M. A. F., San Mateo, Calif.	15.00
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Jessie C. Graham, Wheeling, W. Va.	10.00
Stuart H. Swallow, Providence, R. I.	10.00
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Mrs. H. B. Gilman, New Haven, Conn.	15.00
Mary Emily Reily, Harrisburg, Pa.	15.00
Mrs. Albertson Hicks, Roslyn, N. Y.	10.00
H. M. Bradley, Jr., Derby, Conn.	2.50
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Mrs. K. R. Babbitt, New York	10.00
Mrs. A. Gaylord Slocum, Baldwinville, N. Y.	10.00
	\$22,023.53

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past thirty-eight years. In that time it has expended \$294,468.13, and has given a fortnight in the country to 47,647 poor city children.

Contributions, which are acknowledged in LIFE about three weeks after their receipt, should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 598 Madison Avenue, New York.



"Your Fat Will go as mine did"

For 18 years women have told women about Marmola Prescription Tablets. Told how easily, how pleasantly they ended excess fat. No exercise, no dieting required.

Mark the result today. Countless women keep slender with Marmola. You meet them in every circle. Over-fat figures are the exception now. People are using over one million boxes of Marmola every year.

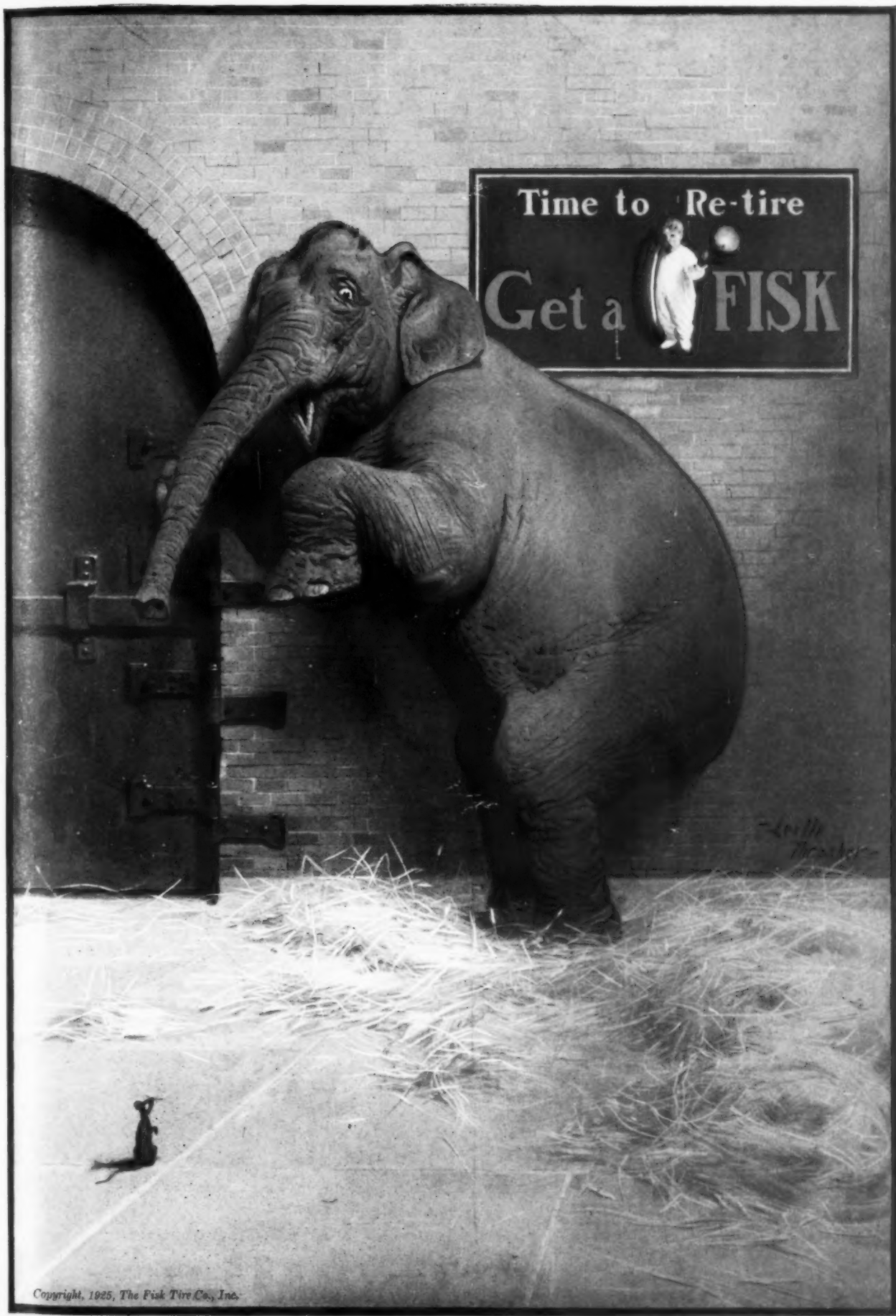
You know that Marmola must be safe and efficient, else it never could have gained such a place. Then let us tell you the ingredients, also how and why it acts. Also what it has done, what it will do. Investigate Marmola in fairness to yourself.

Excess fat is a blight to beauty, to health and efficiency. Let us tell you how to easily and quickly reach the weight you want.

Marmola Prescription Tablets are sold by all druggists at \$1 per box. Send this coupon for our latest book, a 25-ct. sample free and our guarantee. Clip it now.

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*Remember this fact: You can
avoid fraudulent imitations by
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ine in the original package—
14 ounce, 7 ounce, 3 ounce and
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